

THE
FAIRIES.
AN
OPERA.

TAKEN FROM

A Midsummer Night's Dream,

Written by SHAKESPEAR.

As it is Perform'd at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

The SONGS from SHAKESPEAR, MILTON,
WALLER, DRYDEN, LANSDOWN, HAMMOND, &c.

The MUSIC compos'd by Mr. SMITH.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER
in the *Strand*. MDCCLV.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE

FARTHER

OPERA

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Written by SHAKESPEARE

As it was acted

Theatre Royal



The bones of the human skeleton
Waller, J. 1871. London: W. B. E. & Co.

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THE SECOND EDITION

LONDON

Printed for J. and R. Jackson and Co. by
the University Press, Cambridge.

[The end of the world]

The A R G U M E N T.

THESEUS, Duke of *Athens*, having brought the Princess *Hippolita* from the *Amazons*, designs to marry her in a few days. In the mean time *Egeus*, one of his courtiers, complains to him of his daughter *Hermia*'s love to *Lysander*, and aversion to *Demetrius*, for whom he intended her. *Hermia* refuses to marry *Demetrius*, and the duke allows her four days, either to obey her father, to be put to death, or to vow perpetual chastity. *Lysander* persuades her to fly with him from *Athens*, and marry him: She consents, and informs her friend *Helena* of her design, who, out of dotage on *Demetrius*, acquaints him with it. He pursues *Hermia*, and *Helena* follows him. Thus they all meet at a wood, some little distance from *Athens*, where they become liable to the power of the *Fairies*. *Oberon*, King of the *Fairies*, and *Titania* his Queen, being come to give a blessing to *Theseus*' wedding, quarrel about an *Indian* boy, whom the Queen loved, to the raising *Oberon*'s jealousy. *Oberon*, in revenge, and to get the boy from her, charms the Queen to be enamoured of the first live creature she should see, and sends *Puck* with the same charm to force *Demetrius* to love *Helena*, but by mistake, *Puck* charms *Lysander*, who then loaths *Hermia*, and becomes in love with *Helena*. *Oberon*, seeing the mistake, charms *Demetrius*, who also falls in love with *Helena*. This produces a quarrel; but the rivals are prevented fighting by the artifice of *Puck*. *Oberon*, having got the *Indian* boy, puts an end to the charm that held the Queen enamoured of a clown: The lovers being asleep are likewise freed from the power of the charm. *Theseus*, *Hippolita*, *Egeus*, &c. coming to hunt in the wood, find the four Lovers sleeping; they are waked with the sound of the horns, and *Demetrius* avowing his love to *Helena*, and *Lysander* avowing his love to *Hermia*, they are married at the same time with *Theseus* and *Hippolita*.



PROLOGUE,

Written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

Enter—Interrupting the Band of Music.

A Moment stop your tuneful Fingers, pray,
While Here, as usual, I my Duty pay. [To the Audience.
Don't frown, my Friends, [to the Band] you soon shall
melt again;

But, if not There, is felt each dying Strain,
Poor I shall speak and you will Scrape in vain.
To see me Now, you think the strangest Thing!
For, like Friend Benedick, I cannot sing:
Yet in this Prologue, cry but you, Coraggio!
I'll Speak you both a Jig, and an Adagio.

A Persian King, as Persian Tales relate,
Of't went disguis'd, to hear the People prate;
So, curious I, sometimes steal forth, incog,
To hear what Critics croak of me—King Log.
Three Nights ago, I heard a Tête à Tête
Which fix'd, at once, our English Opera's Fate:
One was a Youth born here, but flush from Rome,
The other born abroad, but here his Home;

And first the English Foreigner began,
Who thus address'd the foreign Englishman:
An English Opera! 'tis not to be borne;
I, both my Country, and their Music scorn,
Oh, damn their Ally Croakers, and their Early-Horn.
Signor si — bat sons — wors recitativo:

Il tutto, è bestiale e cativo,
This said, I made my Exit, full of Terrors!
And now ask Mercy, for the following Errors:

Ex.

P R O L O G U E.

*Excuse us first, for foolishly supposing,
Your Countryman could please you in composing;
An Op'ra too!—play'd by an English Band,
Wrote in a Language which you understand—
I dare not say, WHO wrote it—I could tell ye,
To soften Matters—Signor Shakespearelli:
This awkward Drama—(I confess th' Offence)
Is guilty too, of Poetry and Sense:
And then the Price we take—you'll all abuse it,
So low, so unlike Op'ras—but excuse it,
We'll mend that Fault, whenever you shall chuse it.
Our last Mischance, and worse than all the rest,
Which turns the whole Performance to a Jest,
OUR Singers all are well, and all will do their best.
But why would this rash Fool, this Englishman,
Attempt an Op'ra?——'tis the strangest Plan!*

*Struck with the Wonders of his Master's Art
Whose sacred Dramas shake and melt the Heart,
Whose Heaven-born Strains the coldest Breast inspire,
Whose Chorus-Thunder sets the Sou' on Fire!
Inflam'd, astonish'd! at those magic Airs,
When Samson groans, and frantic Saul despairs,
The Pupil wrote—his Work is now before ye,
And waits your Stamp of Infamy, or Glory!
Yet, ere his Errors and his Faults are known,
He says, those Faults, those Errors, are his own;
If through the Clouds appear some glimm'ring Rays,
They're Sparks he caught from his great Master's Blaze!*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, Duke of *Athens*, Mr. *Beard*.
 EGEUS, an *Athenian* Lord, Mr. *Wilder*.
 LYSANDER, in Love with HERMIA, Sig. *Guadagni*.
 DEMETRIUS, in Love with HERMIA, Mr. *Vernon*.

HIPPOLITA, { Princess of the *Amazons*, } Mrs. *Jefferson*.
 { betrothed to THESEUS, }

HERMIA, { Daughter to EGEUS, in } Sig. *Passerini*
 { Love with LYSANDER, }

HELENA, in Love with DEMETRIUS, Miss *Poitier*.

OBERON, King of the *Fairies*, Master *Reinbolt*.

TITANIA, Queen of the *Fairies*, Miss *Young*.

PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW, a *Fairy*, Master *Moore*.

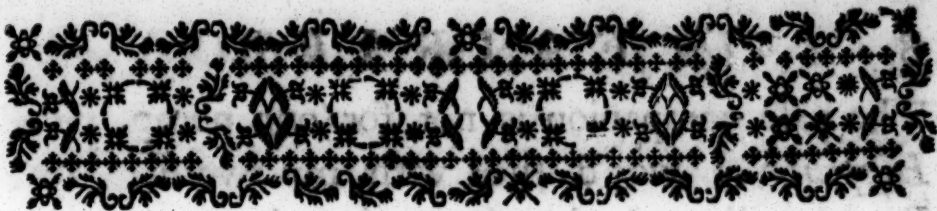
A FAIRY, Master *Evans*.

Other Fairies attending the King and Queen.

The SCENE lies in Athens, and in a Wood not far from it.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MANY Passages of the first Merit, and some whole Scenes in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, are necessarily omitted in this *Opera*, to reduce the Performance to a proper length; it was feared that even the best Poetry would appear tedious when only supported by *Recitative*. Where *Shakespear* has not supplied the Composer with Songs, he has taken them from *Milton*, *Waller*, *Dryden*, *Lansdown*, *Hammond*, &c. and it is hoped they will not seem to be unnaturally introduced.

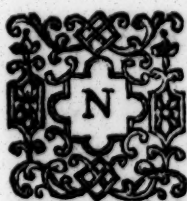


THE
FAIRIES.
A N
O P E R A.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter THESEUS and HIPPOLITA with Attendants.

THESEUS.



OW, fair *Hippolita*, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace, four happy days bring in
Another Moon: but oh, methinks, how
slow

This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires:
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;

8 *The* F A I R I E S.

The pale companion is not for our pomp;
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

A I R.

*Pierce the air with sounds of joy,
 Come, Hymen, with the winged boy,
 Bring song and dance and revelry.
 From this our great solemnity,
 Drive care and sorrow far away;
 Let all be mirth and holiday!*

S C E N E II.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER,
 and DEMETRIUS.

EGEUS.

Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.

THESEUS.

Thanks, good *Egeus*.

EGEUS.

Full of vexation, come I with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter *Hermia*.
 Stand forth, *Demetrius*; my noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand

The FAIRIES.

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Stand forth, *Lysander*: and my gracious duke,
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child;
With cunning hath he filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, to stubborn harshness.
Therefore do I claim the *Athenian* law,
As she is mine I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to *Demetrius*,
Or to her grave.

THESEUS.

What say you, *Hermia*? be advis'd, fair maid,
To you your father should be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties.

HERMIA.

I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

THESEUS.

Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

HERMIA.

I do beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst of it if I refuse *Demetrius*.

THESEUS.

Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.

Thrice

Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
 Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
 Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

HERMIA.

So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
 Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
 My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

AIR.

*With mean disguise let others nature hide,
 And mimick virtue with the paint of art;
 I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
 And boast the graceful weakness of my heart:
 The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
 And learn the more each heav'nly charm to prize,
 While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
 And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.*

THESEUS.

Take time to pause, and by the next new moon,
 The sealing day betwixt my love and me,
 Upon that day either prepare to die,
 For disobedience to your father's will;
 Or else to wed *Demetrius*, as he would;

Or

The FAIRIES.

11

Or on *Diana's* altar to protest,
For aye, austerity, and single life,

EGEUS.

Hermia is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto *Demetrius*.

LYSANDER.

Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head,)
Made love to *Nedar's* daughter *Helena*,
And won her soul, and she, sweet lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

THESEUS.

I must confess that I have heard so much—
But come, *Egeus*, and *Demetrius* come,
I have some private schooling for you both:
Of this no more—Let not these jars untune
Our hearts, high-strung to harmony and love.

AIR and CHORUS.

*Joy alone shall employ us,
No griefs shall annoy us,
No sighs the sad heart shall betray;
Let the vaulted roof ring
Let the full chorus sing
Blest Theseus and Hippolita!*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Manent LYSANDER and HERMIA.

LYSANDER.

How now, my love? why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

HERMIA.

Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

LYSANDER.

Hermia, for ought that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood,
Strangely misgrafted in respect of years,
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,
Or if there were a sympathy of choice;
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as is a dream.

HERMIA.

If then true lovers have been ever crost,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience:
Because it is a customary cross,

The FAIRIES.

13

As due to love, as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor *Fancy's* followers!

LYSANDER.

A good persuasion, therefore hear me, *Hermia*:
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,
And in the wood, a league without the town,
There will I stay for thee, there marry thee,
And fly from *Athens* and her rigorous laws.
Thou know'st the place, where I did meet thee once
To do observance to the morn of May.

A I R.

*When that gay season did us lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead,
When the merry bells rung round,
And the rebecks brisk did sound,
When young and old came forth to play
On a sunshine holyday.*

*Let us wander far away
Where the nibbling flocks do stray
O'er the mountains barren breast,
Where labouring clouds do often rest,
O'er the meads with daizies py'd,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.*

HER-

HERMIA.

My good *Lysander*,
 I swear to thee, by *Cupid's* strongest bow,
 By his best arrow with the golden head,
 By the simplicity of *Venus's* doves,
 By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves,
 By all the vows that men have ever broke,
 In number more than ever women spoke,
Hermia to-morrow, in the depth of night
 Will meet *Lysander*, and attempt her flight.

S C E N E IV.

Enter HELENA.

HERMIA.

Good speed, fair *Helena*, whither away?

HELENA.

Call you me fair? that fair again unsay,
Demetrius loves you.

AIR:

O *Hermia* fair, O happy, happy fair,
 Your eyes are load-stars, and your tongue's sweet air;
 More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear:
 O teach me how you look, and with what art
 You sway the motion of your lover's heart.

HER

HERMIA.

I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HELENA.

Oh that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

HERMIA.

Take comfort; he no more shall see my face,
Lysander and myself will fly this place.

A I R.

*Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into a hell!*

LYSANDER.

*Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To-morrow night, when Phæbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers flights doth still conceal)
Through Athens' gate have we devis'd to steal.*

HERMIA.

And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsels sweet;

There

There my *Lysander* and myself shall meet,
 And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes,
 To seek new friends and strange companions.
 Farewel, sweet play-fellow.

LYSANDER.

Helen adieu,
 As you on him, *Demetrius* doat on you.

[*Exeunt Lys. and Her.*]

SCENE V.

HELENA.

I'll tell *Demetrius* of fair *Hermia's* flight;
 Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
 Pursue her; I'll at distance steal behind,
 His sight alone will ease my tortur'd mind.
 How happy some o'er other some can be?
 Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as she.
 But what of that, *Demetrius* thinks not so.

AIR.

Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind,
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
 Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
 Wings, and no eyes, figure unbecedy haste,
 And therefore is love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he often is beguil'd.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Forest.

Enter a FAIRY at one Door, and PUCK at another.

PUCK.

How now, Spirit, whither wander you?

FAIRY.

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the *Fairy Queen*,
To dew her orbs upon the green.

PUCK.

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

AIR.

*Where the bee sucks, there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly
After sun-set merrily,*

B

Merrily,

The FAIRIES.

*Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

The king doth keep his revels here to night,
Take heed the queen come not within his fight,
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, and he would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild.
But make room, *Fairy*, here comes Oberon.

FAIRY.

And here my mistress; would that we were gone.

S C E N E VII.

Enter OBERON and his Train at one door.

QUEEN and her Train at another.

OBERON.

Ill met by moon-light, proud *Titania*.

QUEEN.

What, jealous Oberon? *Fairies*, skip hence,
I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBERON.

Why should *Titania* cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy.

QUEEN

QUEEN.

The *Fairy-land* buys not the child of me;
His mother was a votress of my order,
And in the spiced *Indian* air by night
Full often she hath gossip'd by my side;
But she being mortal, of that boy did die,
And for her sake I do rear up her child,
And for her sake I will not part with him,

OBERON.

How long within this wood intend you stay?

QUEEN.

Perchance, 'till after *Theseus*' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us:
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OBERON.

Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

QUEEN.

Not for thy *Fairy* kingdom. Elves, away.

AIR.

O'er the smooth enamell'd green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string.

[Exeunt QUEEN and train.

B 2

OBE-

OBERON.

Well, go thy way ; thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury—

My gentle *Puck*, come hither ; thou remember'st
I shew'd thee once a flow'r, fetch me that herb.

The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make a man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it sees.

PUCK.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

[Exit PUCK.]

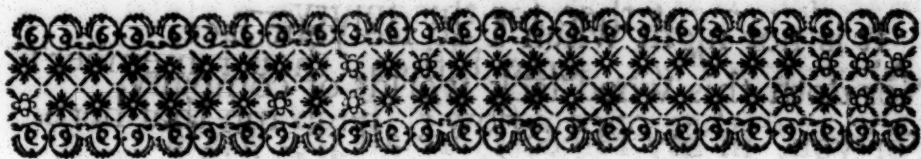
OBERON.

Having once this juice,
I'll watch *Titania* when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
The next thing which she waking looks upon,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love ;
And ere I take this charm from off her sight
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.

AIR.

*Come, follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be,
O'er tops of dewy grass,
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk.*

[Exit.
ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

An open plain, bordered with wood.

Enter OBERON:

OBERON.

WHO comes here? I am invisible,
And I will hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

DEMETRIUS.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place.

B 3

HELENA.

HELENA.

It is not night when I do see your face,
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world.

DEMETRIUS.

I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HELENA.

The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Run when you will the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase.

DEMETRIUS.

I will not stay thy questions, let me go,
Or if you follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood,

AIR.

HELENA.

*Love made the lovely Venus burn,
In vain, and for the cold youth mourn;
A youth as cold as you, but he
At least pursued no other she.
So have I seen the lost clouds pour,
Into the sea a useless shower,*

And

*And the vexed sailors curse the rain,
For which poor shepherds pray'd in vain.*

[*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*

OBERON.

Fare thee well, nymph, ere he doth leave this
grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

S C E N E II.

Enter PUCK.

Welcome, wanderer, hast thou the flower there?

PUCK.

Ay, there it is.

OBERON.

I pray thee give it me ;
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
There sleeps *Titania*, some time of the night ;
I with the juice of this will streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek thro' this grove ;
A sweet *Athenian* lady is in love
With a disdainful youth ; anoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he espies

The FAIRIES.

25

Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.

*Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come the Fairy's pillow nigh,
So good night with lullaby.*

Weaving spiders come not here;

*Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black approach not near,
Worm nor snail do no offence.*

*Philomel with melody
Sing in your sweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Never harm, nor spell nor charm
Come the Fairy's pillow nigh
So good night with lullaby.*

[EXEUNT FAIRIES.]

Enter OBERON.

OBERON.

What thou see'st when thou dost wake
Do it for thy true love take;
Love and languish for his sake,
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar, with bristled hair,
In thy eye what shall appear,
When thou wak'st it is thy dear;
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[OBERON squeezes the juice on her eyes and exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

LYSANDER.

Fair love, you're faint with wandring in the wood;

And, to speak truth, I have forgot our way :
We'll rest us, *Hermia*, if thou think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HERMIA,

Be't so, *Lysander*; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYSANDER.

One turf shall serve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

D U E T T E.

*Not the silver doves that fly,
 Yoak'd in Cytherea's car;
Are so beauteous to the eye,
 Are so choicely match'd by far.
Not the wings that bear aloft
 The gay sportive God of love,
Are so lovely bright and soft,
 Or with more consent do move.*

LYSANDER.

There will I lie; sleep give thee all his rest,

HERMIA.

With half that wish, the wisher's eyes be prest.

[*They sleep.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter PUCK.

PUCK.

Through the forest have I gone,
But *Athenian* find I none,
On whose eyes I might approve,
This flower's force in stirring love:
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear;
This is he my master said,
Despised the *Athenian* maid!
And here the maiden sleeping found
On the dank and dirty ground.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw,
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid,
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid:
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon.

[*Exit PUCK.*]
S C E N E

SCENE VI.

Enter DEMETRIUS, and HELENA following.

HELENA.

Stay, tho' thou kill me, sweet *Demetrius*!

DEMETRIUS.

I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HELENA.

O wilt thou, darling, leave me? do not so:

DEMETRIUS.

Stay, on thy peril, I alone will go.

[*Exit DEMETRIUS.*

HELENA.

Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? not with salt
tears,
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

But

But who is here ? *Lysander*, on the ground :
Dead or asleep, I see no blood, no wound :
Lysander if you live, good Sir, awake.

A I R.

LYSANDER.

*Say, lovely dream, where couldst thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face ;
Colours of this glorious kind,
Come not from any mortal place :
In heaven itself thou sure wert drest,
With that angel-like disguise,
Thus deluded am I blest,
And see my joy with closed eyes.*

Transparent *Helen*, nature here shews art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart:
Where is *Demetrius*? Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword?

HELENA.

Do not say so, *Lysander*, say not so ?
What tho' he loves your *Hermia*, yet you know,
That *Hermia* still loves you ; then be content.

L Y-

The FAIRIES.

LYSANDER.

Content with *Hermia*? no, I do repent
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent;
 Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love:
 Who will not change a raven for a dove?

HELENA.

Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?
 When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
 But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,
 I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

[Exit HELENA.]

LYSANDER.

She sees not *Hermia*, *Hermia* sleep thou there,
Helen is now *Lysander's* only care.

[Exit LYSANDER.]

S C E N E VI.

HERMIA.

Help me, *Lysander*, help me, do thy best,
 To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast:
 Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here?
Lysander, speak, I almost swoon with fear;
 Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:

Lysander

The FAIRIES.

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Lyfander, what remov'd? *Lyfander*, lord!
What out of hearing, gone? no found, no word?
Where are you, speak? alas! he is not near.

A I R.

*Sweet soothing hope, whose magic-art,
Transforms our night to day,
Dispel the clouds, that wrap my heart,
With thy enliv'ning ray:*

*Thus when the sky, with noxious steams
Has been obscur'd a-while,
The sun darts forth his piercing beams,
And makes all nature smile.*

[Exit HERMIA.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter OBERON and train, meeting PUCK.

PUCK.

Hail, and welcome, gracious king,
And all the *Fairies* that you bring;
But wherefore do you thus delay?
The gentle night is prest to pay
The usury of long delights,
She owes to our protracted rites.

O B E -

The FAIRIES.

OBERON.

My fairy sprights, brief be your sports to night,
 Much business we have yet to do ere light.
 The queen in slumber wrapt near yonder brake,
 At cautious distance watch her till she wake;
 Then know, what 'tis that first comes in her eye,
 That she must doat on in extremity:
 Her new-born flame will all her thoughts employ,
 Then I for asking, get her *Indian* boy.
 This done, I will her charmed eye release
 From vision gross, and all things shall be peace.

AIR.

*But you must not long delay,
 Nor be weary yet;
 There's no time to cast away,
 Or for Fairies to forget
 The virtue of their feet;
 Knotty legs, and plants of clay,
 Seek for ease, and love delay;
 But with you it still should fare,
 As with the air, of which you are.*

By the star's glimmering light,
 Aided by the glow-worm's fire,
 Every elf and fairy spright,
 Hop as light as bird from briar.

Now, now, begin to set
Your spirits in an active heat;
Instruct your nimble feet,
The velvet ground to beat:
To-morrow be it seen
Where we to-night have been.
Sing and dance around this place,
Hand in hand, with *Fairy* grace.

[*Dance.*

A I R.

*Now until the break of day,
Through this wood each Fairy stray,
And your night-sports celebrate:
Every Fairy take his gait,
Trip away, make no stay,
Meet me all by break of day:* [Exeunt.



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ACT III. SCENE I.

A FOREST.

Enter OBERON and PUCK.

OBERON.

HOW now, mad spright,
What night-rule now about this haunted
grove?

PUCK.

My mistress, with a patch'd fool, is in love:
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
This clown with others had rehears'd a play,
Intended for great *Theseus*' nuptial day.
When, starting from her bank of mossy-down,
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd the clown.

OBERON.

This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou latched the *Athenian*'s eyes?

PUCK.

PUCK.

That is finish'd too; I took him sleeping;
And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
That when he wakes, of force she must be ey'd.

S C E N E II.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

OBERON.

Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

PUCK.

This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEMETRIUS.

O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

HERMIA.

If thou hast slain *Lysander* in his sleep,
Then kill me too—
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stolen away
From sleeping *Hermia*?—
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him,
So should a murderer look, so dread, so grim—

DEMETRIUS.

So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
 Pierc'd thro' the heart, with your stern cruelty:
 Yet you, the murderer, look as bright and clear,
 As yonder *Venus*, in her glimmering sphere.

AIR.

HERMIA.

*How calm's the sky, how undisturb'd the deep,
 Nature is hush'd, the very tempests sleep;
 The drowsy winds breathe gently thro' the trees,
 And silent on the beach repose the seas:
 Love only wakes, the storm that tears my breast
 For ever rages, and distracts my rest.
 O love, relentless love, tyrant accurst,
 In desarts bred, by cruel tigers nurs'd.*

[Exit HERMIA.]

DEMETRIUS.

There is no following her in this fierce vein,
 Here, brooding o'er my thoughts, I will remain,

[Lies down.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

OBERON.

What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid thy love-juice on some true love's fight,
About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens* see thou find.
By some illusion, see thou bring her here ;
I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

PUCK.

Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar's* bow,
I go, I go, look how I go. [Exit PUCK.

OBERON.

Let soothing sound, his senses chain,
And spread oblivion o'er his brain.

[Anoints DEMETRIUS'S eyes.

AIR.

*Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye ;
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.*

Enter PUCK.

PUCK.

Captain of our *Fairy* band,
Helena is near at hand,

C 3

And

And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.

OBERON.

Stand aside : the noise they make
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

SCENE IV.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

LYSANDER.

Why should you think that I should woo in
scorn ?

Scorn and derision never came in tears.

Look, when I vow I weep ; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

HELENA.

These vows are *Hermia's*.

A I R.

LYSANDER.

*Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee :
Thou for whom even Jove would swear,
Juno but an Æthiop were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.*

DE-

DEMETRIUS. (*awaking.*)

O *Helen*, goddess! nymph, perfect, divine,
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy; O how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries tempting grow!

HELENA.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in flouts to mock me too?

LYSANDER.

You love *Hermia*, therefore with all my heart,
In *Hermia's* love, I yield you up my part;
And yours in *Helena* to me bequeath.

HELENA.

Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEMETRIUS.

Lysander, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none,
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
And now to *Helen* it is home returned.

S C E N E V.

Enter HERMIA.

HERMIA.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes:

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYSANDER.

Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go.

HERMIA.

What love could press *Lysander* from my side?

LYSANDER.

Lysander's love, fair *Helena*.

HERMIA.

You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

HELENA.

Injurious *Hermia*, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty footed time,
For parting us: O! and is all forgot.
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

A I R.

*Since Hermia neglects me,
And He thus rejects me,*

My

*My pride with my heart shall contend,
I'll quit love for ever
Our friendship dissever,
Adieu to my lover and friend.*

*My easy believing
Your guiles and deceiving,
No more my fond heart shall betray;
I'll roam desert places,
I'll fly human faces,
From friendship and love far away.*

[Exit HELENA.]

LYSANDER.

Stay, gentle *Helena*, hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair *Helena*.

DEMETRIUS.

I say I love her more than thou, *Lyfander*.

LYSANDER.

If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEMETRIUS.

Quick, come.

HERMIA.

Lyfander, whereto tends all this?
Am not I *Hermia*? are not you *Lyfander*?

LYSANDER.

The FAIRIES.

LYSANDER.

Therefore be out of hope, for it is true,
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

[Exeunt DEM. and LYS.]

A I R.

*Come pride, love-disdaining,
Hence sighs and complaining,
Affection is banish'd my breast—
By nature tho' tender,
To rage I surrender
That heart which soft passion possesst.*

*Fury, revenge, and slighted love,
Have to a serpent chang'd the dove.* [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Enter OBERON and PUCK:

A I R.

OBERON.

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.*

This

This is thy negligence ; still thou mistak'st :
Or else commit'st thy knaveries willingly .
Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight ;
Hie therefore, *Fairy*, over-cast the night,
Then crush this herb into *Lysander's* eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with its might,
And make his eye-balls rowl with wonted fight.

P U C K.

Where is our *Fairy Queen*, my high-grac'd lord?

O B E R O N.

Within the wood there, on a daisy bank
Sleeping she lies, her patch'd fool by her side ;
Her dotage now I do begin to pity,
And with this herb will take the charm away :
When next she wakes, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision.

This, this I'll infuse,
Whose sovereign dews
Shall clear each film that cloud her sight ;
And you her crystal humours bright,
From noxious vapours purg'd and free,
Shall be as you were wont to be.

[*Exit* OBERON.]

A I R.

The FAIRIES.

A I R.

PUCK.

*Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down;
I am fear'd in field and town,
Goblin, lead them up and down.*

[Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Enter OBERON and QUEEN from the wood.

QUEEN.

My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

OBERON.

Silence a-while;

*Titania, musick call, and strike more dead
Than sleep, the sense of all these lovers.*

QUEEN.

Musick, ho, musick; such as charmeth sleep.

A I R.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his musick, plants and flowers
Ever spring, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.*

OBE-

OBERON.

Sound, musick; come, my *Queen*, take hand with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

[Dance, and Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EGEUS, and Train.

THESEUS.

Go one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds:
Uncouple in the western valley, go,
Dispatch I say; but soft, what nymphs are these?

EGEUS. (*looking out.*)

My lord, this is my daughter here asleep,
And this, *Lysander*; this, *Demetrius* is,
I wonder at their being here together.

THESEUS.

No doubt they rose up early, to observe
The rite of *May*, and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* should give answer of her choice?

EGEUS.

It is, my lord.

THESEUS.

Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their
horns.

AIR.

*Hark, hark, how the bounds and horn,
Cheatly rouse the slumb'ring morn :
From the side of yon hoar hill,
Thro' the high wood echoing shrill.*

[They wake.]

THESEUS.

Good-morrow, friends ; faint *Valentine* is past :
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?
How comes this concord in the world
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and not fear enmity ?

LYSANDER.

My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking ; but, as I do think,
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Free from the peril of th' *Athenian* law.

EGEUS.

Enough, enough, my lord, you have enough ;
I beg the law, the law upon his head :
They would have stoll'n away, they would, *Deme-
trius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me.

DEMETRIUS.

My lord, the joy and pleasure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* saw;
But like a sickness did I loath this food;
But now in health come to my natural taste.

THESEUS.

Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit;
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside,

DEMETRIUS.

These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

AIR,

HELENA.

*Love's a tempest, life's the ocean,
Passion crost the deep deform;
Rude and raging thro' the motion,
Virtue fearless, braves the storm:
Storms and tempests may blow over,
And subside to gentle gales;
So the poor despairing lover,
When least hoping, oft prevails.*

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Come now (to Love and *Hymen*, let us pay
Our vows, and then with mirth conclude the day)
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revel, and new jollity.

CHORUS.

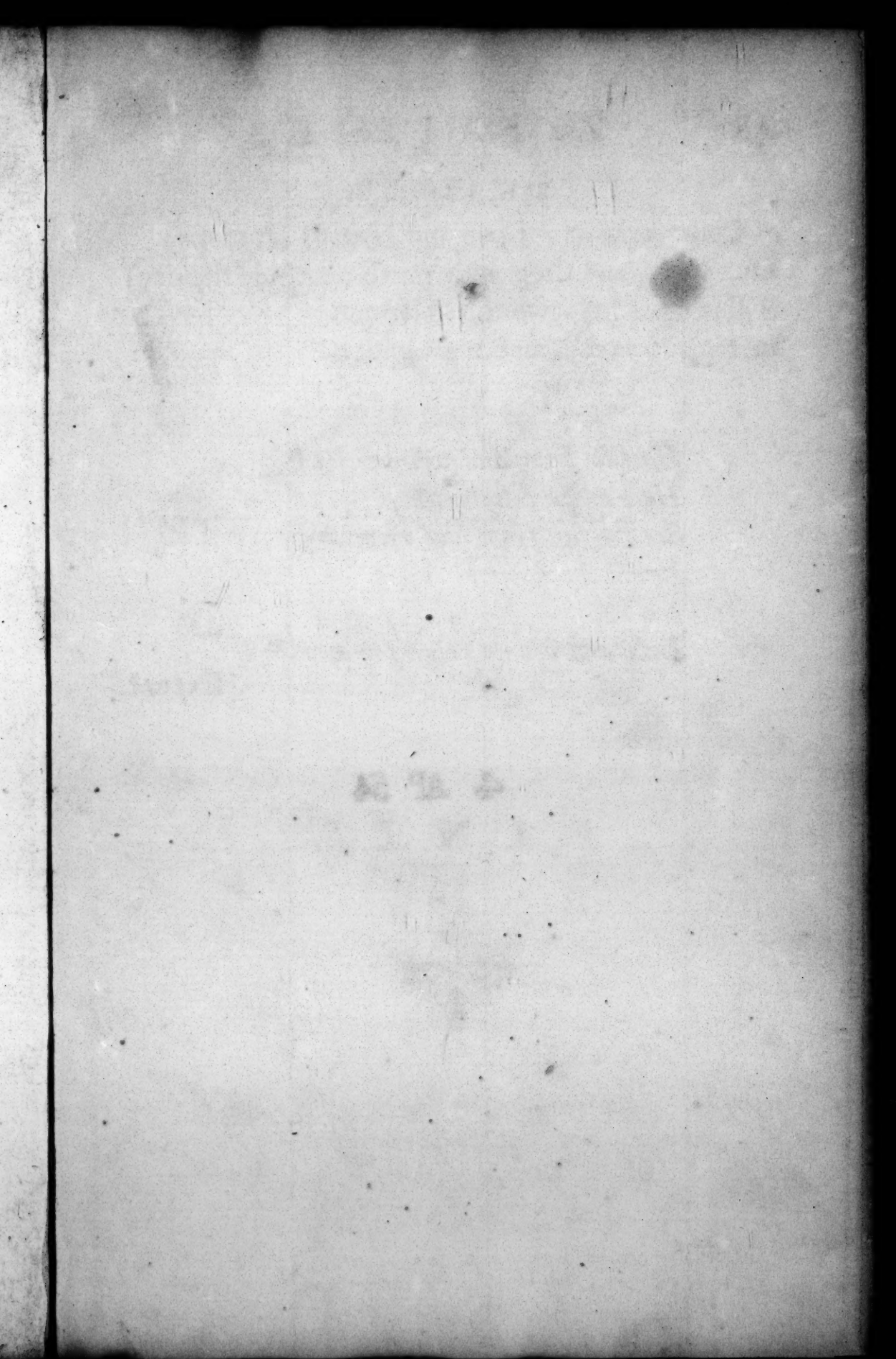
*Hail to love, and welcome joy !
Hail to the delicious boy !
See the sun from love returning,
Love's the flame in which he's burning :
Hail to love, the softest pleasure ;
Love and beauty reign for ever.*

[Exeunt.]

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F I N I S.





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